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# The Occasional Kaimin, February 1, 1912

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# The Occasional Kaimin

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FLORENCE LEECH, '12, Editor-in-Charge
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FEBRUARY 1, 1912

## Who Is They?

Why don't they keep the streets a little cleaner?
You ask with deep annoyance, not undue.
Why don't they keep the parks a little cleaner?
Did you ever stop to think that they means you?

How long will they permit this graft and stealing?
Why don't they see the Courts are clean and true?
Why don't they wink at crooked public dealing?
Did you ever stop to think that they means you?

Why don't they stop this horrible child labor,
And wake the S. P. C. A. up a few?
While gently they knock your unknown neighbor,
Did you ever stop to think that they means you?

M. S.

SCENE ON CAMPUS

## ON BOARD THE AIRSHIP.

FLORENCE DE RYKE, '12

Up into the azure air,
Soaring through the sky,
What care we for earthly bonds?
'Tis joy to fly and fly;
To breathe the pulsing, quivering gales,
Pure as morning dew,
Soar higher than the soaring birds,
Faint dots lost in the blue.
Behold our empire of the air,
Blue and wide and free,
No bonds but space—
O, glorious joy!
To try infinity.
Oh, stars that waft through purple night,
Know ye, we float with thee.
Oh, checkered ball of living green,
From you this hour we're free.
Then sing a song of our airy clime,
And cooling winds, sing on.
For we're gods afloat on nether air,
As we sing our happy song.
Elysian fields may have their flowers,
Araby perfumes mild,
But give us this ocean of the air—
This sky, untouched and wild.

## THE CONVICT.

NAT LITTLE, Jr., '14

FREE! Twenty years; seven thousand, three hundred days; two hundred seventy-five thousand, two hundred hours; more than sixteen and a half millions of minutes, and every one of them full time! Free? Oh, I'm sure of it. Why, I've counted every day, every hour, even, as near as I could reckon. God! I can't have made a mistake. I'm certain I just heard the "trusty" coming to free me.

I was a "trusty" once. I'm only number 9,013 now. I'd have been out at least six years earlier if I hadn't tried to escape. Oh, I ain't got no kick coming. I was guilty when I was sent up. Sure I was. Guilty as

hell. And I was a "desperate character." I wonder if I am yet. Huh! I remember when I almost got that guard. He was the last one between me and the outside. Damn him. I wish I had got him. I guess I ain't changed much.

I remember reading a piece in a paper once, before I hit this hole, against capital punishment. I've often thought of that piece. The time I nearly went "nutty" after being put in the "dark cell," they told me I was babblin' about "capital punishment." The warden says I ain't right yet. It is hard for me to think straight, but I'm not crazy. But capital punishment. Why, it's a blessing. When the judge says, casual like, "twenty years," that doesn't sound much, does it? But when you live through sixteen and a half million minutes, each made up of sixty big seconds, Lord! that's when you'd thank your stars for hangin'.

Do you know what I used to do to pass the time? You'd never guess. Embroidery! That was before they got to be afraid to trust me with a needle. I did a crazy quilt once from silk scraps someone sent to the "pen" just for that purpose. I did it fine, too, and sent it to the judge that sentenced me. It was a pretty good joke on him, because it tickled him so much that he tried his best to get the governor to pardon me. But it was no go. I embroidered everything in the brightest colors I could get. I remember a robin I did on that quilt. He was bright red with blue wings. Foolish, wasn't it? But you've no idea how much prettier it looked in here than brown or gray, or any color like that. Once I tried to paint a picture in embroidery. It was a green tree against a blue sky with a white cloud in it. It was funny, but all the time I was working that I thought of my home, a little farm in Maine. Sounds sentimental doesn't it? But it's true. I don't believe I ever thought before how pretty blue and green were together. I think the first thing I'll do when I get out will be to stick my face behind a tree or a branch of leaves or something and look at the sky.

Oh, I forgot. It will be winter. Sure, I went in in the winter. I remember I rode between a man who was sent up for life and a little old man who was going to do a year. The old man died before the year was out, and the other fellow is in that cell at the end of the corridor now. Poor, damn fool! Why didn't he kill himself when he had the chance? But I don't know as he's much worse off than I am. They say he's going crazy. That will end his misery. I wonder if they'll leave him here or take him to the insane asylum. Poor devil. I wonder what I'd be thinking of if I was in his place. I don't suppose I'd be thinking about being freed.

But it's winter. That's funny. What do you suppose I'll do when I get out? I hate winter. White is too much the color of gray to suit me. I wonder what it's like to be blind. Do you suppose you see colors or just see gray all the time?

I'd like to tell the man at the end of the corridor "good-bye" when I go. I guess I won't, though. Maybe it would hurt his feelings. Ain't I lucky to be goin'? Why doesn't that "trusty" hurry? There's a cell door

slammin' shut. Maybe they've made a mistake and are takin' the wrong man. No, the steps are comin' this way. But there's two of them. They're openin' my door. I knew I counted right. There's the "trusty." I'm comin' just—. I ain't? Why not? My time—what! Just 9,013 coming to say good-bye to me. Why, I'm nine th—ah, God! My head just buzzes—but you're right. I remember now. I'm the man at the end of the corridor. Well, good-bye—good-bye.

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## THE COUNTRY DANCE.

MADGE BEATTY, '14

THE DANCE was in full swing. Far down the road the groan of the organ and the wail of the fiddle had reached us on the sensitive, damp air. Then we saw the smoky figures darting and gliding past the long row of windows. The light shown out dimly, making squares on the ground that were darker, then lighter, then almost obscured as the dancers passed between them and the light, casting at times weird, ogreish figures on the ground.

We stopped in front of the hall. Flushed, giggling, chattering girls dragged heavily on their partner's bended arms, sometimes making their positions secure by a good-sized handful of coatsleeve. No city girl could assume such an attitude as that of her country sister without a great sacrifice of "line," of poise, of heaven only knows what, that a city girl aims at and thinks she attains.

The men, deep voiced and boisterous, clapped and stamped, and mopped their brows, utterly abandoning themselves to the spirit of the dance.

"Oh, Sady," roared one to a laughing girl across the room. "Give me the next, will you?"

Sady hesitated for a minute.

"Oh, you're too slow," came from a little man near the door, whose ashen yellow locks had recently been vasalined. "I beat you to it, old scout."

Slang is a social grace, cultivated extensively for such affairs. One from the city finds it a little behind the times, however. Still, there grows up among the fields a slang that is quite as picturesque as that of the street.

A prolonged wheeze, the laughter stopped, an uncertain moan, a silence charged with quivering expectancy, and the organ started up again. There is something cumbersome and meditative about an organ; it is not capable of music sprightly enough for dance music. But these men and girls did not care for that; they did not need the stimulus of music. They were inspired by the effervescent spirit of youth and of rollicking fun, and they needed no false vivacity injected into their veins.

They romped off again in rustic bacchanalian, picturesque, grotesque,

weird. When the music stopped with a thunderous bang, the girls flung themselves quite spent on the benches against the rough-hewn wall. They closed their eyes, bit their lips, smiled; it had been such sport.

The men left them without the formal "I thank you, Miss Smith; I have enjoyed this dance very much."

What was the use? "S'long. See you later," was enough.

They gathered near the door, mopping their wet brows, smoothing their lank hair, straining their necks to tuck a handkerchief under their chins, or tugging at their cravats and setting them to rights.

"Get your partners"—a stampede.

"Can I have this, May?" began one.

"You beat it, old man. I beat you to it." This with a good-natured but insistent push.

May fairly sparkled. "Why, really, I don't know whether it was you who came first, Bill, or Joe here."

Bill decided the question unquestionably. Joe lit in the middle of the hall.

The dance was a quadrille. The orchestra this time was made up of three pieces, organ a fiddler and a jewsharp. Dave Spenser, the Beau Brummell of the Blackfoot, "called." Ah, but Dave was splendid and he realized it, indeed. He wore a great bow tie, a cross between red and orange, and a silk blouse. No dance would be a success without Dave, so the women thought, but he was a thorn in the sides of the men. The dancers swayed and rollicked and flitted around, never at rest, talking the while, making elaborate bows as they met their partners, and teasing one another about their awkwardness.

They were dismayed when "Home, Sweet Home" was played, passed the hat for more money, and induced the orchestra to play "Home, Sweet Home" three times more.

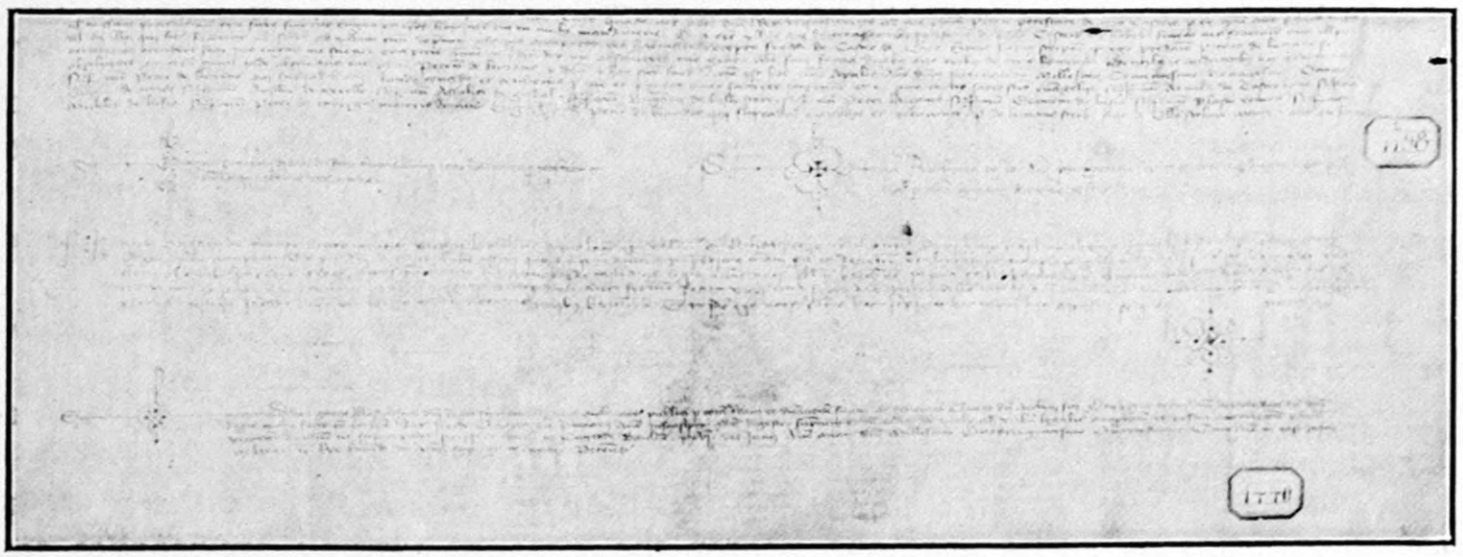
Then they trooped off for their buckboards, leaving the women waiting in the hall, entertained by Dave Spenser.

# THE SCHEUCH COLLECTION OF MANUSCRIPTS AND ANCIENT BOOKS.

FLORENCE LEECH, '12

UP IN the Library there is an old manuscript dated 1198,* almost three hundred years before the discovery of America. It is yellow and water-stained, yet as distinct and legible as if it were written yesterday. The mysterious-looking, fine old writing certainly is not English, even of the oldest style, and there is no signature at the end, only some quaint half-geometric and half-fanciful figures. Who was the author? What is the language? What does it say? And how do we come finally to find it in a collection of about 330 of its kind in the University of Montana seven hundred years later? These are the questions that form themselves as we stop to inspect the almost unintelligible old parchment sheets.

There rest beside it all sorts of legal and church documents, transfer of land, marriage settlements, wills and royal sentences or deeds. Originally



DOCUMENT WRITTEN IN 1198

they were kept for safety in the Spanish monasteries of Areny del Mar and Labadell in the province of Catalonia, Spain. During the Napoleonic wars these monasteriese were sacked, and the scattered manuscripts were collected by Padre Luis, a noted German priest and scholar. On his death, in 1885, they came into the possession of Frederick H. Scheuch, the United States consul in Barcelona, who handed them down to his son, Frederick C. Scheuch, the present owner.

Our first interest in the apperance of these great rough sheets of parchment is due to the natural tendency to contrast everything old with our modern means of expression. They are written in the Latin language, but not the Latin of the text book, anotated Caesar, familiar to us. The letters are of a type related to old English; words are abbreviated just as each partic-

*The large numbers on the labels of the manuscripts are the dates; the small ones are numbers

ular scribe saw fit, and sentences are not punctuated—they even lack periods to mark their ends. The parchment used is of varying quality, from the coarse, yellow testaments of the Spanish notaries, to the smooth, white documents from the church of Rome. The writing had to be done with the utmost care for accurateness and order. Think of the time it must have taken a scribe to complete one of the manuscripts over a yard square, with only a scratch on the parchment for the first lines as a guide for his entire work. (No. 283 shows such a line.) He insured his document against forgery by enumerating his mistakes at the bottom of the page and signing the whole. To a great many of the papers, especially the testaments, codocils have been added by sewing a separate piece to the original with twine. (See for example No. 283. No. 188 shows a mended parchment.) On the back of each manuscript is a number and a short resume of the contents in Catalan. These classifications, of which some manuscripts have as many as three, were made at a later date, probably for the purpose of cataloging. (No. 459.)

The actual writing of the documents was done mostly by puplic scribes, notaries and priests. Letters from the church were written and signed by the priests themselves, but the legal papers had to be drawn up by notaries and signed by the real author. Because of the illiteracy of the average "signee," "signing" at that time meant instead of writing his name in the approved style of penmanship, drawing a queer-looking figure designed by himself, and used in all documents to stand for his name (No. 316.) With the exception of three or four manuscripts written in Catalan, the dialect of Catalonia, the papers, both church and legal, are in Latin.

The oldest is the one dated 1198, and is a statement of a gift of money to the church from a man by the name of Castell-dellosa. It now lies in the center of the case; at the end of the parchment is an addition dated 1440. A testament (No. 2) written in 1492, has the best of writing of the collection. It is extremely small, fine and regular. One curious thing about all of the documents is that the nearer the date of writing approaches the present, the worse the writing becomes. (Cheerful prospect, isn't it?)

One important looking church document (No. 216) signed by many is the deed of a relic to some church. The crude seals attached to these church letters were made by placing the wax between two pieces of paper on which the imprint was made. Most of these seals are very distinct, still showing the cardinal's hat. There is, in the collection, a church dispensation from Pope Gregory VII., written by his secretary. Unlike the others, the seal attached to this one is contained in a round box of metal. Unfortunately, the imprint is no longer legible.

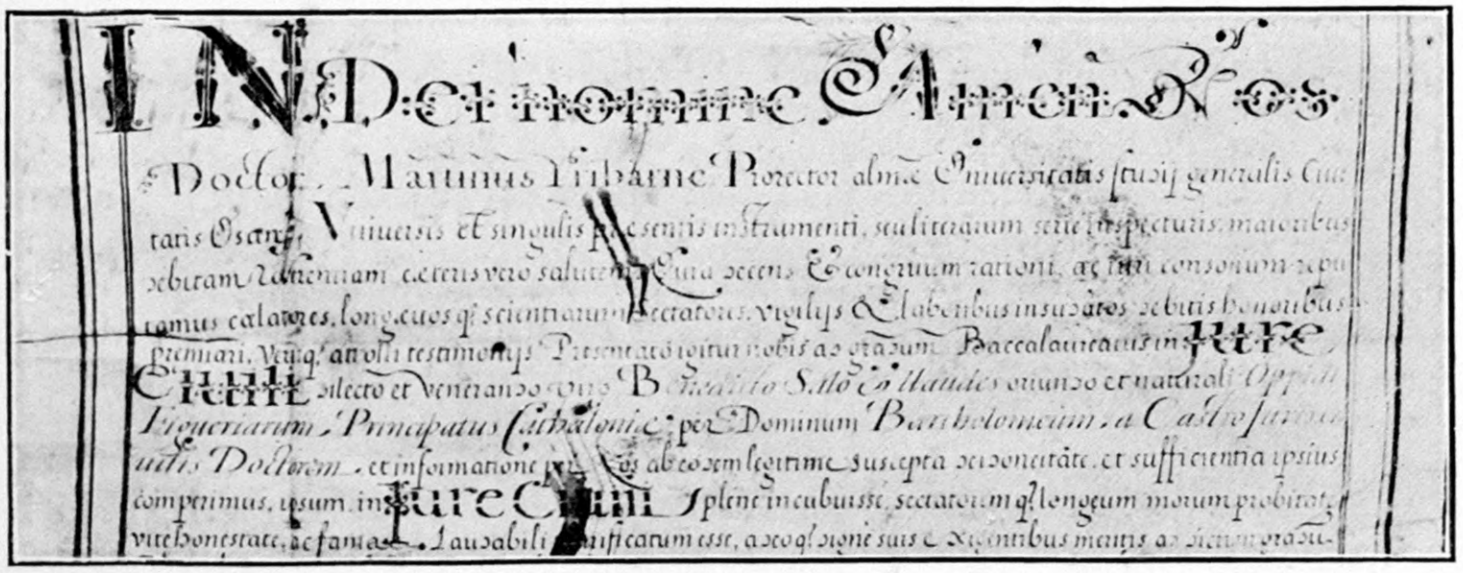
There are two royal grants, one from Charles of Spain in 1545 (No. 276) and the other from Philip, in 1581. (No. 212.) The first is unusually well preserved and still very easily read. It is a grant of the castle of Montexxcel, making the owner a nobleman. Both bear the statement, "In audientia," and are signed by the secretaries of Charles and Philip.

An interesting thing about one of the ordinary testaments drawn up by a notary is that it is written on the back of an Arabian manuscript, probably left in Spain by the Moors. There is also a song (No. 113) in the collection written in Arabic. It is dated 1329, and is one of the most weather beaten and ragged on the edges. There is one in Catalan (No. 258) which was written very imperfectly by a sailor himself, without the aid of a notary.

All of the work was done by hand until in 1642, when a printed stamp was substituted for the church seal. The first printed manuscript is a doctor's diploma from the University of Tolosa, in Spain, dated 1750. (No. 333.) The diploma, of which the upper half is reproduced by The Kaimin, is entirely drawn by hand and dates from 1630.

There are three documents dating 1649, 1652 and 1676, the only ones in the collection written on paper. This paper is soft and unglazed, like blotting paper, so that the ink ran and blurred which suggests, by the way, that these early scribes had no real blotting paper and poured over their parchments black sand, some of which still clings to the dried ink. These documents on paper are really abstracts of deeds. One shows the various hands through which a piece of land passed during a number of years; another is a bill showing the money paid for the property, the crops raised on it during the year 1652 and the profit he made.

The old books in the case with the manuscripts have an additional value to the mere interest in the antique and the valuable information contained, a value that is all the more fascinating because of its elusiveness. One is a death mass in Latin, used in Spain in the seventeenth century. One is a German book on hunting, dated 1730, but the majority of them are works on alchemy, treating in detail the subject of making gold out of rock. One of these has curious wood cuts, skilfully colored by hand. Another is an alchemist's note book, dating from 1721, in his own handwriting and recording his supposed discoveries. No doubt this will have a strong appeal to the young at least, and a careful study of these authorities may be the means of enriching—if not the pocketbook, at least the minds of the students.



DOCUMENT WRITTEN IN 1630

# METHODS.

HAZEL LYMAN. '14

CLAUDE had gloomed around the frat house all morning, until his fellows threatened to throw him out if he couldn't assume a cheerful aspect.

"Good Lord, man," Petey Simpkins called out, "isn't Christmas away from home dreary enough without your countenance casting shadows all over the place?"

"Aw, shut up," growled Claude, who was usually good nature itself. Picking up the paper, which he had read through three times already, he stamped out into the hall and flung himself on the window seat—the best place of vantage from which to watch for the mailman. Would he get a letter? She had been home three days, and surely would have written to him in that time. Finally, the postman's whistle roused him from a persuading advertisement of solitaire diamonds, and he jumped towards the door.

"Expectin' something?" came in tantalizing tones from the next room. Claude did not deign to answer, but tried to appear disinterested as he looked through the pile handed him. No, there was nothing for him but a postal, and that was from the "has-been" girl. Filled with disappointment and anger, he tore it in pieces without reading it, and threw the fragments into the dead ashes of the fireplace.

"Well, old man Glum, didn't the right one write to you?" offered Wally Pemberton, a senior and adopted grandfather of the crowd. "Brace up, you'll live through it. I was a freshman and in love once myself."

"There, there," soothed Wally, "calm his little self," and he stroked Claude's back, as if smoothing a ruffled cat.

By this time the hue of Claude's complexion would have flagged any train, but he laughed with the rest.

"That's it, Claude. Brace up and be a woman-hater with the rest of us," put in Larry Stevens, the most inveterate fusser of them all.

"Say, brothers all, let's get up some sort of a celebration for tonight, and see if we can't lift the gloom cloud," suggested Wally.

"Good! We're on!" came from different quarters, and plans were quickly completed for the party. Then came the question of who was to be honored. None of the men had any trouble deciding on girls except Claude. He couldn't think of anything or anybody except the girl two hundred miles away, who hadn't, and perhaps wouldn't, write to him. The others noticed his silence and guessed the cause, but mercifully refrained. One at a time, they drifted out into the dining room and there held a solemn consultation.

"If we could only get him interested in someone else the rest would be easy," said Wally. "You know how he is as soon as he gets started. Regular firecracker."

"Maybe we could talk him into taking Miss McRae, the fair angel from Malden Springs," came as an inspiration from Petey. "She's a prize."

"All right; go to it, Petey," advised Larry, "and we'll sit back and applaud. He ought to consider himself lucky. I'd like to queen her myself."

Petey wandered back into the living room and found Claude on his hands and knees before the grate, extracting scraps of something.

"Man, have you lost your excuse for a mind?" began Petey.

"Nope," answered Claude, quite humanly, "merely got a streak of conscience, that's all," and he went on putting the pieces together, quite unconcerned.

"Who is your lady for the party," asked Petey, waiving all tacftul approach.

"Haven't got one; don't think I'll go."

Petey had visions of a Sigh Whoopsilon party without Claude's effervescence to start things tingling, and became argumentative.

"I know a peach of a girl you could take."

Claude was unmoved.

"New girl from Malden Springs—only been here a few days," pursued Petey. "She's a vision."

The victim sat up and looked at Petey suspiciously.

"Is this straight? None of your old-maid relatives you're trying to rope me in for?"

Petey looked injured. "I guess not. Any fellow would be crazy to take her. I tell you, she's a peach."

Claude weakened visibly. "Well, as long as she is visiting here, I suppose it would be a courtesy for me to bring her out and let her meet the crowd."

"Just the thing," urged Petey. "Come on, I'll take you over now and introduce you."

Claude and the "vision" from Malden Springs shone at the party all right, or rather the "vision" shone and Claude sat in the glow. Letters, expected or otherwise, had vanished from his mind, and he was his jolly, bubbling self once more. The fellows grinned and nudged each other and then repeated the performance.

After the guests had been properly taken home, and the Sigh Whoopsilons were back at the house again, enjoying their respective armchairs and pipes, Claude began:

"My, but that girl is a whiz. Did you ever see such eyes? Why, when she looks at you, you feel as if you could keep on talking forever, if she would keep on looking. Say, but she—"

"Oh, get over it, Freshie, the other girl—the light of the world—will be back in a couple of days and then—" advised someone.

Claude looked contrite for a moment. Then he brightened.

"Yes, but the train for Malden Springs leaves at ten-thirty, and the other one comes in at ten-forty."

# AS IT SAW HIM.

CARL C. GLICK, '14

I DON'T object to being a translation of Horace ("pony" is what I think the students call me) but I do object to lying on a shelf in a second-hand bookstore, and between two lives of missionaries at that. There was a time when I was bright and new and it wasn't so very long ago either. Only last fall I was lying in with a lot of my own kind—handy, literal translations—when a young man came into the store and said that he wanted a copy of Horace in English. I thought that at the time he looked rather shame-faced, but I afterwards concluded that he was only frightened for fear that someone should see him. He paid for me with a brand new dollar bill. It wasn't the only one in his pocketbook, either. I found out afterwards that he had a queer habit of changing his paper money into dollar bills, and his silver into nickles and dimes.

I am small, so he put me into his trousers pocket, along with a bunch of keys and a package of ill-smelling stuff which I concluded was tobacco. The tag on the package he left hanging outside. Heaven only knows why he concealed me, and let the tobacco tag be shown. When he got me home he threw me into a drawer.

If his mother had seen the contents of that drawer and the order it was in, I am sure that the dear old lady would have been both shocked and grieved. Everything was upside down and topsy-turvy. Among many souvenirs, letters and scraps of this and that were some pictures that I was afraid to look at; a wine glass that he had evidently stolen from some restaurant; a discarded pipe; a few old and dirty, but once gaudy cravats; a pair or two of bright-colored hose, and a long, red silk stocking. What an ode dear old Horace would have written had he known of red silk stockings!

Late that night he took me out of that dirty place, and with a twist that nearly broke my back, he opened me at the beginning of the odes. With a chuckle he reads some of those very ones that I regret that Horace wrote. He then turned to the beginning and by my aid and by much swearing and scowling, he started to translate his lesson. He evidently thought that something was wrong with me, for he addressed several very uncomplimentary remarks to my poor head. Still he studied me more diligently than he did his text books. Every night after that he would get his lesson with my aid, puffing like a furnace, all the time, at an old corn-cob pipe. One night, though, he didn't use me at all. The next morning he tore one of my pages out and carried it off to class with him. After that he would continue to tear out my pages instead of using me as he should. One day he came home in a fury, and threw me the entire length of the room.

"You are the cause of my downfall," he cried, and so that is why he sold me to a second-hand bookstore, and left me to lie on a shelf between the lives of two missionaries.

# THE RATTLESNAKE CREEK.

PETER E. HANSEN, '13

RATTLING over innumerable boulders, falling over miniature cliffs, and rushing pell-mell in its course to the ocean, the little creek winds down the valley as if it were a huge, silvery snake. Here and there a willow stoops to kiss the tumbling waters, and on its banks the clematis vines intertwine themselves about the trunks of the cottonwoods and climb to a land of warmth and sunshine. The woods adjoining ring with the songs of the birds, and, as one walks along the bank, he occasionally comes across an angler marooned on a boulder in the middle of the stream trying to lure the red-bellied trout from his home in the sparkling water. Here a robin is tugging viciously at something in the damp earth, and presently goes sailing away with an angleworm twisting and squirming in his bill. There the dry leaves rustle as a little chipmunk darts across the woodland path, and the Caw! Caw! Caw! of a crow floats down from the airy regions above as he lazily wings his way northward.

ON THE RATTLESNAKE

At this point the sparkling water of the creek drops over a bench of smooth, round boulders into the deep, clear pool below. The warm June sun coaxes the white, fuzzy cotton from the green cottonwood balls, and an occasional balmy breeze wafts it about, finally releasing its hold to let it sift down upon the still, glassy surface. A fisherman happening along might be tempted to stop and lure the red-bellied trout from the deep green pool, had not a dozen youngsters already taken possession of it. Their magnified and distorted limbs show in alabaster whiteness as they dive and splash in the cool, green water, their yells echoing and re-echoing in the wood.

To a person in a reflective mood, seeking seclusion from the noisy, hot, business world, there could be no more delightful spot than the old swimming hole and the rushing creek that feeds it.

## HAMBURGER.

The Butchers—Carl P. Glick, '14; Alice Mathewson, '13; Grace Saner, '14; Lewis Hunt, '15; Peter Hansen, '13.

## THE LADY MUMMY.

Ladies, as true as I live, this is what you will all come to. That mummy is not ashamed to tell her age. You are. Her withered cheek was once as fair as yours. A little color lingers in it yet, but that proves nothing. No clever sally or stinging witticism comes now from those dried husks, once her lips. Ladies, beware, talk less. There are only hollow sockets where the eyes once sparkled. Her hair has lost the cloror of its dye; unwashed and uncombed for centuries upon centuries, it looks like coarse, rope strands. Her clothes hang rigidly upon her; she has lost the fair outlines of youth. Ah, ladies! She was once loved by hundreds of manly hearts, now she is only a relic. Ladies! in the future, for God's sake, be cremated!

## FROM A FORTHCOMING NOVEL.

It was night, black, pitchy, gruesome night. It was so dark that you could feel it. Ugh! Squash!

Then the moon rose.

From the edge of the mountains she peeped, paused a moment, then burst into resplendent view; and trailing her garments of vestal white, bathed the rocks with her dashing smiles.

## WHO WAS IT?

You march bravely into the lecture room, your head up and your nerves all alive. You seat yourself, glance expectantly at your instructor as the door closes gently and he begins to drawl out the next lesson. Having finished the assignment, he carefully feels his way into the lecture he has prepared and, with eyes glued to his desk, he mumbles out into a monotone. Soon your chin drops down upon your chest, your eyes seek the floor, and you are lost in elevating thoughts of the last dance.

Just as you are flitting gaily around the hall in the first extra, you hear an injured voice inquire: "Where was he born, Miss —?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly, but he said he came from Kalispell."

The glare of the lecturer and the snickers and snorts of laughter are clear evidence that you have missed your guess, and that it is safer to stop than continue any farther.

## THERE ONCE WAS A FRESHMAN

There once was a freshman quite green,
But not greener than some I have seen,
He thought it a joke
On the campus to smoke,
Well, now he is just a has-been.

## POOR PROF.

The shades of night were rising slow
When up the street I saw him go,
A Prof. from old Montana "U."
Who muttered firmly, fiercely, too,
"My class at eight o'clock!"

The corner arc light brightly burned,
To blow it out no one had yearned;
"Why does the light burn in the street?"
He said, "It's time for me to meet
My class at eight o'clock."

But as he reached the campus gate,
The clock began to strike the eight;
The Prof. ran till he passed the Hall,
He thought, "I'll never reach at all
My class at eight o'clock."

He ran faster through the gloom,
His goal his distant lecture room.
When, Oh, alas! Dear reader list
He stumbled in the dark—and missed
His class at eight o'clock.

## AS I SEE MYSELF.

I have many fine qualities, but what I like best about myself is my looks. Sometimes I think that I am really handsome; but this is on rare occasions when I have had a good meal, a glass or two of port wine, and a silver dollar still rests in my pocket. Of course, I know I am not perfect. But who is, for that matter? On any other face than my own, my nose would be a scream. It is short, turns up at the end, and is crooked. As it is, however, combined with my dimpled chin, which on any other face than my own would be out of place, it gives me a cute, roguish, sassy appearance. My mouth is shaped like Cupid's bow. Half of my teeth are false, but you would never guess it; they are so white and straight. My eyes are most peculiar. If anyone else had them you would say that they were cat's eyes. They vary with every mood. Sometimes they are a soft gray, sometimes they are a bluish green, and sometimes they are bleary. My ears are large, but not out of place on my head. If anyone else had them you would say that they were elephant's ears. My hair is a light blond, extremely light at the temples, and stands out straight, making me look like a Dutch comedian. I have a large head and a massive, noble brow. There is a woman in my home town that my father does not like. When I was a baby she remarked, "What a large head he has. Is he smart?"

I am five feet, ten inches high, in my stocking feet. Fully dressed I have fairly broad shoulders, entirely in keeping with the rest of my figure. My legs are long and straight, the calves of my legs being especially well formed and shapely. My hands are extremely beautiful; soft, long, slender, and without a callous.

Someday—someday I am going to have my picture taken.

## "WHY DO THE LOYAL STUDENTS."

Why do the loyal students here delight to tramp across
Their campus? It is plainly clear
They count the grass no loss.
How very cheerfully they say, "I won't again," and yet—
En route to class that self-same day
They cut across you bet.

## BLUFFING IN COLLEGE.

"Bluffing" is an art. To be able to advance feeble hints in so confident a way as to lead an instructor through a question, in which you are starring, while he furnishes the actual support, requires great skill. It is not the dull student who bluffs, but the brilliant, easy-going boy—there are few girls who can bluff. There are three principal ways of bluffing: by questioning, by cautiously advancing suggestions, and by bold affirmation.

The first method should be used by beginners, as there is less to lose and little facial work is required. The instructor puts the question. The student replies with a question. If he is right, very good; if he misses, the instructor believes he has some small knowledge of the subject anyway. The suggestion method also requires some knowledge and should be worked only on certain Profs., for not all will respond. In this method the student carefully advances a suggestion, depending on the Prof. to complete the statement, as well as to supply the knowledge. This method is a little farther advanced than the first as it requires an expression of deep sincerity.

The bold affirmation is backed by no knowledge whatever; that is why it must be bold. This is only for the real artist, as a facial expression of high intelligence, which is acquired only after much practice, is very necessary.

The undergraduate does not bluff to be doing something dishonest, but only for the art of it. Most undergraduates, especially lower classmen, would rather make a successful bluff than a really sincere recitation.

These suggestions should be considered as coming from a close observer rather than from an artist.